

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Prim. When I returne with victory from the field,
Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her.

King. Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the Prince her son
Makes her in furie thus to forget her selfe.
Reuenged may she be on that accursed Duke.
Come Cosen of Exeter, stay thou heere,
For Clifford and those Northerne Lords be gone,
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

Edw. Brother, and cosen Montague, giue me leaue to speake.

Rich. Nay, I can better play the Orator.

Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. How now sonnes what at a iarre amongst your selues?

Rich. No Father, but a sweete contention, about that which
concernes your selfe and vs, The Crowne of England father.

Yorke. The Crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,
And I haue sworne that he shall reigne in quiet till his death.

Ed. But I would breake an hundred oaths to reigne one yeare.

Rich. And if it please your Grace to giue me leaue,
Ile shew your Grace the way to saue your oath,
And dispossesse King Henry from the Crowne.

Yorke. I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuice.

Rich. Then thus my Lord.

An Oath is of no moment,
Being not sworne before a lawfull Magistrate.

Henry is none, but doth vsurpe your right,
And yet your Grace stands bound to him by Oath.
Then noble father resolue your selfe,
And once more claime the Crowne.

Yorke. I, saist thou so boy? why then it shall be so.
I am resolu'd to win the Crowne, or dye.

Edward, thou shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
Thou Cosen Montague shalt to Norfolke straight,

Yorke and Lancaster

And bid the Duke to muster vp his soldi
And come to me to Wakefield presently,
And Richard, thou to London straight sh
And bid Richard Nevill Earle of Warwic
To leaue the Citty, and with his men of
To meete me at S. Albones ten dayes hen
My selfe heere in Sandall Castle will pro
Both men and mony to further our atten
Now, what newes?

Mos. My Lord, the Queene with thi
Accompanied with the Earles of Cumber
Northumberland, and Westmerland,
With others of the house of Lancaster,
Are marching towards Wakefield,
To besiege you in your Castle heere.

Enter Sir Iohn, and Sir Hugh

Yorke. A Gods name let them come.
Cousin Montague, poste you hence.
And boyes stay you with me.

Sir Iohn and Sir Hugh Mortimer mine V
Yare welcome to Sandall in an happy h
The army of the Queene meanes to bes

Sir Iohn. She shall not neede my Lor
Wee'l meete her in the field.

Yorke. What, with fiue thousand solu

Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a
A woman's Generall, what should you

Yorke. Indeed, many braue battels hau
In Normandy, when as the enemye
Hath bin ten to one, and why should I
Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Com

Edw. Let's march away, I heare their

Alarmes, and then enter the yo

Rutland and his Tut

Tutor. Oh flye my Lord, lets leaue the
And flye to Wakefield straight.